



MAINE FARMER

Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

MAINE STATE FAIR, AND SPRINGFIELD HORSE SHOW.

It seems a singular coincidence, to say the least of it, that whenever the Maine State Agricultural Society appoints a time for the holding of their Exhibition and Fair,—some of our good friends in Massachusetts get up a grand exhibition of horses and trial of speed, to take place at the same time. This naturally has a tendency to divide the interest of many of our horse breeders in Maine. Some will go to Massachusetts, and let the home Society take care of itself.

Last year our State Show was held in Portland, in October. Well, after the announcement of the time had been some months before the public, a horse exhibition and trial of speed was got up in Boston on the very same week. This, as we have said, divided the interest of the horsemen of Maine, and many passed their own State Show, and sped away with themselves and horses to the Boston Show. Instead of feeling any State Pride and remonstrating with our friends of the Old Bay State, in thus ungenerously getting up a show at the same time as ours, they struck hands with them, turned the cold shoulder to our institution, established through "much tribulation" for the very purpose of encouraging and aiding them at home, and with their stock went to swell the lists, and add to the interest and prosperity of a neighboring State. And how were they treated? We were not there, but have been told that they did not fare very well, and one person told that he would have done much better and felt better had he staid at home.

Now, the same thing is done this year. The time of our State Show was agreed upon last Spring, and notice given by the Trustees that it would take place on the 29th of September at Bangor. A month or two subsequent to this announcement, we have notice that our worthy Massachusetts brethren will hold a grand exhibition and trial of speed at Springfield, on the very days on which our State Show is to be held!

We do not know how others may feel in regard to this interference, but we hope that not a man woman or child, horse, mare, or colt, from Maine, will be seen at Springfield that week.

Whether the getters up of these Horse Exhibitions intend to produce the result that we are about to name we do not know, viz: that by drawing away from Maine the best horses, they can have a better opportunity to examine and purchase on their grounds, and at their own prices, than they would if they remained at home on their own soil. Whether they mean to effect this or not, it is the result of their operations.

The reputation of the Maine horses is good. We therefore advise our breeders and dealers in good horses to rouse up State pride enough to say to their friends in other States,—“On such a day, our State Fair is to be held. We are citizens of Maine, and shall do all we can to promote the interests and prosperity of our State and County Societies. If you wish to see an exhibition of our best horses, and try their speed, you will have an opportunity so to do, by coming to the fair at the time specified. We shall all be at home, and will make you welcome, and if you wish to purchase we will sell to you at our own prices.”

Take care of yourselves, and take care of your own, say, and learn our Bay State cousins that if they wish our company, and that of our horses, at their Exhibitions, they must hold them on different days from what ours is held.

A HINT TO PENOBSCOT AND OTHER EASTERN BREEDERS.

We had quite a dispute the other day with one of our brother Kennecobers, in regard to the ability of the farmers in Penobscot, Piscataquis, and “all down East generally,” to bring out good stock to the coming State Fair in Bangor. He was the Trustee agreed to have the Show “away down there,” for, said he, “there will be some good horses there, but for stock, it will have to be driven from Kennebec, or you will have no show at all.” While we commended his country pride, and were glad to hear him speak well of Kennebec stock, we could not help asking him if he were not a little “verdant.” We asked him where the largest oxen now in the United States, which recently passed through our country, from Carmel, on their way to the United States Show, were raised, if not in Penobscot?

We asked him where the fastest trotters were, if not in Penobscot, and he pledged Penobscot, Waldo, Piscataquis, and “all down East generally,” to bring out as good horses, oxen, cows, sheep, goats, poultry, fruits and crops generally, as could be brought from any county west of them. So you see we’re “in for it.” Will you back us up, farmers of the East, or shall we be thrown into the vocative by our friendly but somewhat conceited Kennebec brother? We do know, from personal knowledge, that you have the stock and other materials that we spoke of among you, but will you bring it out? There’s the rub. By all means do it, for Kennebec means to outshine you in your own camp, if it can possibly be done. Come to our rescue.

INSECTS ON FRUIT TREES. Watch and wash the trunks and twigs. Tobacco water, made by boiling the stems of tobacco, may be syringed over the twigs and leaves and trunks of young trees, to destroy lice, &c. The trunks of apple trees may be now washed with strong soap as thick as cream. The peach borer should be dug out with a knife, and then coal ashes be stamped in close about the collar, and afterwards a mulch of litter spread about the tree for a circle of two or three feet. [Homestead.]

LAYERING.

Among the many modes of multiplying shrubs and vines, is that called by horticulturists “Layering.”

The accompanying cut illustrates the plan of operation to effect it. It should be done at this time of the year in the following manner. Bend a branch of the vine or bush, whether grape vine, currant or gooseberry bush, or any other shrub, down, and pin it to the ground, allowing the extremity to stick up above the soil. Then heap on earth and press it down on them. Or, a trench may be dug and the branch bent down and fastened in and then buried. Some cut slightly across the branch near a bud that is to be buried. Roots are pushed out, in such places, which continue to push into the earth as long as the season will allow the growth of the plant. It may then be cut off from the parent plant and become a separate one, and may be transplanted whenever you wish. It is a very simple and effective method of propagation.

For the Maine Farmer.

SUNDY QUERIES AND DIVERS ANSWERS.

MR. EDITOR:—What is the best subsoil plow with which you are acquainted? (1) To what depth should land be plowed? (2) Are not grasses and winter grains more apt to winter kill on shallow-plowed land than on land plowed deep? (3) I wish to sow at the proper season, a piece of winter wheat,—what is the best kind, and when is the best time to sow it? The land is of moderate elevation, and is slaty,—slopes towards the south east. (4) Are oats profitable to raise? (5) What is the difference in value between swamp muck and the dry, found in low places in the forests? (6) L. CHANDLER.

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APPLE TREES KILLED.—CAUSE.

MR. EDITOR:—The inquiry I made, some weeks since, through your paper, respecting the destruction of apple trees, last winter or spring, was to elicit information from some experienced fruit culturist, or the remarks of the observing fruit growers in general, in this State.

The complaint in this vicinity was very prevalent, and the question was often sorrowfully asked, “what has killed the apple trees, some wholly, others partially?” Some were of the opinion that it must be the winter by its extreme severity; others thought that it must be the spring; while friend Foster says, “neither, but the fall,” a new idea, I think, has slipped through his cranial. His logic may be true, as it is the result of his observation and experience, which I do not wish to dispute. I think this can be attributed to another cause, by which the apple tree is full killed, instead of winter or spring killed, of which Mr. F. speaks. He says, of trees lately grafted, and others making the greatest growth from being manured, and other causes, that they suffer the most. This proves very true in examining the orchards,—we find, where trees were thrifty, branches and the growth of the two past years have been injured the most.

I have noticed many a time, and perhaps some readers of this paper know from sad experience, that when the apple tree has attained its natural growth, yet looking fair and thrifty, being grafted, scions started, and doing well, still, after a certain time, it will look feeble, grow pale and die. This is often the result of unskillful grafters and pruners. The tree is, in the first place, trimmed smartly, then the grafter saws and sets what he thinks best, and if his labor proves effectual, that is, if the scions make out to catch the pruner soon follows again with knife, saw, and chisel, to make them grow, as he will say. This labor is often committed to the judgment of some boy from twelve to fifteen years of age, inexperienced and unqualified for such particular work, or it may be undertaken by his father, with less skill in the business. By this time a change is expected in the appearance and growth of the tree.

During all this time, while the top has been cut and the sprouts pulled out by the roots, with wounds left to bleed and heal under the hot sun, drying winds and soaking rains, the roots remain untouched, constantly gathering in and sending forth, as usual, nourishment for the tree. But the tree is gone, there is nothing left but some feeble looking sprouts, which are not strong enough to draw their own support, and hence will soon die. The first we shall notice of the failure of the tree will be the bark starting from the body, and splitting next the ground, and patches, from six inches one way to ten the other, completely parted from the tree. That portion of the tree next to the ground has the greatest amount of sap, when there is little or nothing in the top of the tree to require it to come any further, and hence there must be an unusual amount of it remaining inactive. The heat of the sun will have a very bad effect upon it. It cannot return, as it is unnatural, at this season of the year, therefore it will ferment, and the bark, of course, must be detached from the silver, and we notice below starting from the tree. The same effect follows falling the trees in winter time. In the spring when the circulation commences, the sap sprouts out, we say, but there being more sap than needed, we soon find it fermenting under the warm sun. The body of the tree contains more nitrogen than oxygen. The leaves of the trees are the organs of respiration, one part by which this process is carried on. The leaves inspiring the oxygen that flows in the air, and the nitrogen that is found in the body of the tree feeling its influence, a free and rapid circulation is carried on, and good rapid growth of the tree is seen. The atmosphere contains a certain portion of oxygen, which man and plants depend upon for their existence. Now deprive either of nitrogen, and they will die; or give either their unequal parts of oxygen and they will die. Therefore, take the leaves and branches from the tree, by too much trimming or pruning, and you will, of course, take away the organs that inspire oxygen, and, as nothing is left but nitrogen, which, alone, can not support the tree, it must die, although in many cases it is not perceived until the next spring, when you may see the bark leaving its natural position on the

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Litchfield, August 5, 1857.

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As you have traveled in that county, perhaps you can tell us the best place to locate in—price of land per acre—terms of payment—the best time to commence clearing, &c. This information, and any other in regard to these lands, will be thankfully received by A. SUBCREEVER.

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CIRCULAR OF THE TRUSTEES. The following Circular, addressed to the public of Maine, explains itself, and is deserving the attention of all who feel an interest in the doings and objects of the State Agricultural Society.

DEAR SIR:—We take the liberty to address this circular to you, soliciting your good will and assistance towards making up the Third Annual Show and Fair of the Maine State Agricultural Society.

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Hoping a general interest towards our society and its efforts may be felt in your neighborhood, we remain, Yours, with respect,

THOMAS S. LANG, } Trustees of
D. L. LINGGARD, } Maine State
SETH CHAMMAN, } Ag. Society.
F. T. PERINGTON,
JON PRINCE,

TO PRESERVE CURRANTS. An excellent method of preserving the common red currant, so that it can be made into sauce during the winter, having all the flavor of the recent fruit, is to pick them with the stems on; melt some common brown sugar in a kettle—no pound to a peck of currants will be enough; keep the kettle upon the fire, so that the sugar may remain hot; take a small quantity of the currants, and immerse them in the sugar for a few moments; take them out with a skimmer, and spread on a board to dry in the sun; repeat the process with the remainder of the fruit, until the liquid is quite acid. After the currants are dry, place in an oven for a short time, with sufficient heat to kill the eggs, or grub, or any small insects that may be upon the fruit, and put them in a dry place for use during the winter. Cook in the same manner as with fresh fruit. The liquid sugar and juice can be made, by the addition of more sugar, into jelly, or by the usual method, into wine—so that there is no loss.

TO “HEAD” AND EXPEL RATS. A writer in the Boston Cultivator recommends potash for this purpose. The rats troubled him very much. They appeared in great numbers and were very troublesome, so that he felt justified in resorting to extreme measures to effect their expulsion. He poured up potash and strewn it around the houses, and rubbed some under the boards, and on the sides where they came through. The next night he heard a squealing among them, which he supposed was from the caustic nature of the potash that got among their bare feet. They disappeared, and for a long time he was exempt from any further annoyance.

GOOD STOCK IN PISCATAQUIS.

MR. EDITOR:—There has been quite a cracking among the farmers in old Kennebec, Somerset, and Androscoggin counties about big calves. I think I have seen statements in your paper of their weighing as high as 125 lbs. when they were first dropped, or when only one day old at most. Of their growth since then we hear but little.

Now, Sir, I care but little how big or how small a calf may be at the above age, if he be well proportioned, and will grow up to be equal to what I had the pleasure of seeing during a recent visit to Piscataquis county. One owned by John Littlefield, of Abbott, which he is keeping for a stock bull, and which came last January, girted 4 feet 8 inches, and measured 5 feet 6 inches in length. When he was 3 months old he weighed 400 lbs. Friend L. told me that he did not weigh more than 75 lbs. when he came.

I had the pleasure of examining another in Cambridge, owned by Messrs. Ham & Bailey. He was one year old last January. He girted 6 feet 1 inch, and was 6 feet 4 inches in length. This last is a grade Durham, being of Durham and Devon blood. He is of a dark red color, and has two ends as the saying is. I consider him the best bull of his age that I know of in the State.

Now, Sir, if any of your 125 pounders have grown up to be larger and better than these, I should like to know where they may be found.

JOSEPH CHANDLER.

Winthrop, July 20, 1857.

NOTE. The above described calves are undoubtedly prime ones. The grade Durham and Devonshire make excellent cattle, and the neighbors of Messrs. Ham & Bailey will do well to patronize them liberally.

We hope we shall see these young bulls at the State Fair in Bangor.

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HINTS FOR THE SEASON.

At this season of the year, many of our readers are, with us, noting the results of good farming. The dog-star is in the ascendant. Long, hot, dry days succeed each other, rapidly carrying off the moisture of the soil which many plants need for their healthy growth and maturity. In some places the corn crop is checked in its growth before the ears are filled out; pastures are turning brown, and crisp under the tread of the foot; some fruit trees are in a suffering condition, and gardens and ornamental grounds are less attractive than in more favorable seasons.

Let, But we have observed one thing during this dry weather, which, though not new, yet needs frequent mention, viz: that the best tilled lands suffer least from drought. We daily pass several fields which were sown and sown thoroughly manured last spring, and the crops on them continue to grow with great luxuriance, their waving leaves seeming to beckon defiantly to the drought to come on and do its worst. Fields near at hand, with as good natural position and soil as the other, but which were hastily and superficially tilled, are now drying up for lack of moisture. They looked about as well during the plentiful rains of spring and early summer, and seemed to offer a premium for poor farming; but now, alas, they are a sorry sight! They are a mortification, a reproach, and a pecuniary loss to the man who owns them.

We are by no means disposed to push this matter of good farming to an extreme, and to insist that every field shall be trenched and ploughed and manured regardless of expense; but we do say that most lands should be more thoroughly ploughed than they now are, and that what is annually taken off in the shape of a crop should be returned in the shape of manure. Lands well treated dry sooner in the spring, retain their moisture and fertility better in midsummer, and yield larger and better crops. No observing man can open his eyes without seeing this. Brother farmer, the present we know is not the time to remedy any mistakes you may have made in tillage, but it is just the time to feel them deeply, and to make note of them for future profit. Bear, then, with our “line upon line,” and while the aspect of the farms around you enforces our exhortation, resolve to practice accordingly the next season.

2d. Our second hint for the time grows out of the first, and relates to the gathering of materials for the compost heap. It is often recommended to collect manure in winter, because that is a season of comparative leisure. It is well to draw it from the swamp then, but now is the time to dig it out and throw it up into heaps to dry for winter transportation. When lying in its native bed in the swamp, it is full six-fifths water. What a waste of labor, then, to raise and haul it in that state to the barnyard! Dig it out now, while the swamps are comparatively dry, throw it into heaps, over them if possible, and in winter it will be in fine condition for removal. Have you no swamp to draw upon? Perhaps, then, your neighbor has an inexhaustible supply, where you could easily purchase a right to dig. Save the chips and refuse dirt from your wood-houses and log-houses, collect them from your low wet pastures, or from the side of fences where the plow and hoe cannot reach in the ordinary course of cultivation.

3d. Another seasonable hint, suggested by the list, relates to the draining of swamps and low lands. Now is the best time in the whole year for doing this. In spring or fall, the labor would be great, as well as a hundred fold more unpleasant. Such lands, where there is a great flow of water at certain seasons, require open drains, at least for the main ditch. Branches running into this central channel may be made with tile, or stones. In digging the main, open ditch, it is important to make the sides of it quite sloping to prevent their caving in and filling up the water course. We have seen such lands, which previously were almost worthless, made the best part of several farms.

4th. Take good care of the manure heap during the summer. Too often, during the busy summer season, the cleanings of the pig-sty and stables, and the refuse matters accumulating in the rear of one’s premises, are suffered to be exposed to the sun, wind and rain, both wasting their most valuable properties, and filling the air with a noxious stench. We have often urged the gathering up and preservation of all fertilizing materials, such as bones, chips, weeds, old plaster and lime, kitchen slops, &c., and we now repeat the exhortation. Let all these things find their way to the compost heap. And that heap itself should be looked after. If on the north side of the barn, it will be better off than on the south. And if covered, it will be better off still. Such a covering can be made without much trouble or expense. Set in the ground, six, eight, or more posts, according to the expected size of your heap, and throw over them a shed roof of boards or slabs, sloping to the south. Board up the shanty on three sides, leaving the north open. Now, see to it that a generous pile of manure, or its equivalent, is deposited just outside of this shed, and you will be ready for operations. Wheel in manure from all quarters as fast as it accumulates, and lay it in rows or heaps the whole length of the shed, tracing it down freely, and covering it with successive layers of muck. In this way, the manure will be preserved from the action of the elements, and the volatile gases which the summer heat so rapidly evolves, will be absorbed and saved. If any one thinks this won’t pay, let him—try it and see.

[American Agriculturist.]

THE CROPS IN INDIANA AND ILLINOIS. The Commissioner of Patents at Washington has received a letter, dated Evansville, Indiana, in which the writer states that the crops of Southern Indiana and Southern Illinois are beyond all precedent. The “oldest inhabitant” says that nothing has been known like it. They are now harvesting, and the rust has done no damage. Corn is late. The crops of wheat, rye, grass, and potatoes will exceed, from present appearances, all former productions.

ANOTHER third of the ash of seeds having a thick cuticle, or bran, and little gluten, is potash—magnesia varies from 9 to 14; lime, 2 to 6.

NEW POLICY FOR MAINE.

The following admirable suggestions are taken from the Bangor News. They are worth a good deal of consideration.

Maine has a large number of unoccupied or sparsely occupied townships, of little value for any other purpose than for settlement. Judging of the future by the past, it will be long before these uninhabited tracts are incorporated into towns, and settled with an agricultural population. Can no means be devised by which some portion of the immense western immigration may be turned into this State? We are confident that it offers greater advantages, or may be easily made to than any State in the valley of the Mississippi or Missouri. In uniting great fertility of soil with a domestic and high-priced market, the regions of the upper Penobscot and St. John, are not surpassed, if they are equalled, by any State beyond New York.

Maine can secure, by the adoption of a liberal and judicious policy, a large immigration from northern Europe of Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, and Germans. These are generally industrious, temperate and frugal, and make excellent citizens. Our climate will agree with them, and here they would be much nearer their fatherland than in the country beyond the lakes. We can more easily support a population of two millions than our present population of one-third that. Then we should begin to enjoy that power, wealth and domestic prosperity which belong naturally to our large and fertile territory, healthy climate, and unequalled navigable facilities. Our cities would become noted depots of the commerce of the world; our merchants would become importers from all quarters of the globe, with their correspondents and credits in London and the Indies; our numerous and inexhaustible water powers, which have so long awakened only the echoes of the solitude which encompass them, would be changed into useful ministers of man’s wants; our unproductive railroads, in which are buried six or eight millions, of dollars, would be raised to par; and we might then hold within our borders a wealth and power equal to that now possessed by New England.

Our settling townships are almost valueless to the State under its present know-nothing and do-nothing policy. The names and the advantages of the States of Illinois, Wisconsin, Ohio, Iowa, are as familiar almost amongst the emigrating circles of Europe as are the villages from which they come.

Let Maine give away her lands in tracts of 160 to 320 acres to actual settlers, and make those homesteads exempt from attachment for debt; and also for a term of years exempt these new settlers from taxes of any kind except for schools. Let the State lend its aid largely, just as liberally as may be necessary, to one or more lines of railroads from the sea-board to the St. John, in order that these lands may be accessible to the settlers, and also to furnish a means of transport for their imports and exports. If, at the end of twenty years, the State had to pay its bonds for this aid to the amount of three millions of dollars, she would be three times the gainer. And, in order to make the inducements to immigrants and settlers known and appreciated, there should be instituted a board or commissioner of immigration. It should be the duty of this board to become thoroughly informed of the character and worth of the different settling towns, and to take efficient measures to have them made known to the world. A total ignorance of the existence of any such State as Maine amongst emigrants will continue until the crack of doom, if the people of the State do not themselves take measures to make it known. In two years time, with proper direction, and at small expense, the superior advantages of Maine could be put in competition with the west in all the emigrating markets of Europe. Once get two or three hundred families well settled here, coming directly from the old country, and the work is accomplished. The tide will gather strength and breadth as it proceeds, and the present generation may see the rich valleys of the Aroostook, the St. John, and the upper Penobscot densely settled by a people who, if Maine continues its present indifferent and careless policy, will make fair and happy homes far towards the setting sun.

NOTE. The above is good doctrine, and we hope all the true friends of the State will lend a helping hand to bring about a new policy in regard to our public lands. Let us have some settled, definite, well-arranged system of operations to accomplish the purpose. Let some body, or some bodies, be commissioned, who shall make it a special duty to induce settlers to come among us, and to see that they are well when they come.

ED. ME. FARMER.

REAPING BY MACHINERY IN HAND. On the farm of Messrs. Carlo & Thomas, Mr. Dunlap found a wheat field, consisting of one thousand acres, and in this field twelve reaping machines at work. This was a sight worth seeing, truly, and one that has been made possible only within a few years. By the employment of twelve reapers, this immense field can be put in shock in from four to five days. Under the old system of cutting by hand, it would require an army of one hundred “cradlers” the same length of time. Or it would take ten “cradlers” from forty to fifty days to complete the job. The reader will see at once that it is only by the use of machinery that farming can be conducted upon so extensive a scale. Suppose this field should average twenty bushels to the acre, and that it should net in the market one dollar a bushel. Here will be the snug little sum of \$20,000 realized from this farm from wheat alone, less the cost of seed and labor and interest on cost of land. This is somewhat larger in its results than farming operations as conducted before the invention of reapers, threshers, &c.

The Muse.

INDIA INK.
It is a very serious matter,
Doth shift his gold and silver;
And musing o'er his "Ink" ink,
He sits, and quips his eye.
In all their queer variety,
Pursuing, one by one,
Spars, anchors, ensigns, binnacles,
His "foksal" chums have done.
Around his arms, all down his back,
Betwixt his shoulder-blades,
Are Peg, and Pail, and July-Ann,
And Mr. and other maids;
And just below his collar-bones,
Amidships on his chest,
He has a sun in blue and red,
A-riding in the west.
A bit aback a pirate craft,
Upon his starboard side,
There is a thing he made himself,
The day his Nanny died.
Mayhap it be a look of hair,
Mayhap a "kiss" of rope—
He says it is a true-love knot,
And so it is, I hope.
Naught reeks that gentle foam-foam-hand
What shape it wears to you—
With soul elate, and hand expert,
He picked it out—so he knew.
To "Ed and Cattle, mariner,
His sugar-tongs and spoons
Not dearer than that rose-pink heart,
Transfixed with two harpoons;
And underneath, a grave in blue,
A grave-stone all in red—
"Here lies, all right, poor Tom's delight;
God save the mark—she's dead!"
Permit that tarry mariner,
Nor shift his gold and silver,
Nor chide him if he sometimes swears,
For piping of his eye.
For such emblems are the heart's
Than, traced at first in pink,
And pricked till the picture smart,
Are fixed with "Ink" ink.

BALLAD OF THE WEALE.

BY READ THORNTON.
The Northman lay on his iron cliff,
Outlooking the Norman sea;
With his bold, blue eyes of wild surprise,
Abroad o'er the wave looked he.
In a reckless mood of solitude,
He longs in the chase to roam;
"I've conquered the bear in the Torsen wood,
And the shark by the deep marlin!"
"My fitting live long ago,
The mighty mastodon!"
His blue eyes bravely glanced below—
The chief from his cliff had gone!
"Tis the whale! you whale, that tempts his sail,
Like an island he moorh—
"By the soundless sea, I'll conquer thee,
Thou ocean mastodon!"
He darted his knife from the foot of the cliff,
All armed with copper spear;
Soon the barb is dyed in the sea's side,
And away to the west they steer.
With his tempest rein, o'er the ocean plain,
More fleet than the sturgeon they go;
With red setting sun a race they run,
In the road of his ruddy glow.
And the storm-waves break a glassy calm,
That strange first bark to see;
And the sea-gods rose the chase to charm,
And shouted—"We'll ride with thee!"
And one of "We'll ride the Norman chase
To share in his daring deed;
White was her breast at the Finland snows,
And her hair like the brown sea-weed.
And thus they twain o'erboard the main,
And the Norman's shirt of mail
With his shield he clashed, as they landward dashed,
Till he stranded the maddened whale!
That night on the strand of the new west land
He built for his mermaid bride
A bowery hut, and the oil he cut
For a lamp from the monster's side.
And from these two there sprang a crew,
The boldest to spread the sail;
And on every plain of the stormy main
They chase the tumbling whale!

The Story Teller.

ST. SYLVESTER'S DAY.

BY EMILE SOUVREYRE.

At the foot of the mountains which separate
Bavaria from the State of Weimer is a small
town named Hoff, which overlooks a part of
the valley watered by the Mayne. Situated from
the frequent route, the humble city has preserved
its ancient customs, and we may still find there
that severe simplicity which is in part effaced
from the rest of Germany.

A few years ago a stranger named Loffen lived
there. It was said that he was born in Bohemia,
and he had formerly served in the Austrian
armies with the rank of Major. But after the
peace of 1815 he came to Hoff with a child called
Dorothea, who in a few years became a beautiful
young girl. Major Loffen was a man well
informed, courageous, and capable of any devotion.
Unfortunately, the violence of his temper
had troubled him all his life and prevented his
advancement in the army. The slightest contradiction
threw him into fits of passion which he
afterwards regretted, but which shame and pride
prevented him from acknowledging. He had lost
successively his best friends and his surest
protectors.

Nevertheless, that which neither counsels nor
reproaches had been able to effect time at last
accomplished. That kind of internal ferment
which burst forth in a sudden anger notwithstanding
all the resolutions of the Major, was gradually
allayed; the blood circulated in his veins more
slowly, experience rendered his mind less
prompt to condemn others, and he could
bear without impatience an opinion different from
his own. Subdued by the childish graces of
Dorothea, the lion became a man, and he who
had resisted thirty years both his friends and ene-
mies became insensibly the submissive slave of a
young girl. Loffen was now no longer the same
man, but an entirely new one. If trifling irrita-
tions recalled the past from time to time, it was
like a storm that had past over, which was
heard in the distance only stifled murmurs.

A great change was about to take place in the
position of the Major; his daughter was going
to be married. She was betrothed to a young
man, William Munster, whom she had known
since her arrival at Hoff.

"Thus it is settled," pushing away the ac-
counts which he had not even cast his eyes;
"we take the house on the border of the river."

"Off it pleases Dorothea," replied the Major.
"We shall be more at ease there than here."

"Does this removal disturb you?" asked Wil-
liam warmly; "ah! if it is so, let us remain."

"No, my son," replied the old soldier, placing
his hand upon that of the young man, "I do
not regret this change."

"What do you regret, then? I have seen for
some days that you were sad. Ah! I do not con-
ceal anything, my father! Have I done any-
thing with which you are displeased?"

"No, no, dear child; but this marriage, you
see recalls so many remembrances. Then I am
jealous of you."

"What do you say," exclaimed the young
man.

"Jealous," replied the Major smiling; "for
you are to become the principal object of Doro-
thea's affection. Oh! do not defend yourself
from it! it must be, and I am far from com-
plaining. But habit has rendered me selfish, you
see. Until now I had been the sole object of my
daughter's care; she had only me to love and to
please; now her time and her affections are to be
shared; I can no longer have her always at my
side, and the hours of solitude frighten me."

"Your fears have been divined by Dorothea,"
said the young man; "the other day she com-
municated to me with tears in her eyes."
"What did you say?" interrupted Loffen.
"Ah! I shall conceal my sadness then; I do not
wish to trouble Dorothea's happiness. Never
spoke of what I had told you, William; it is an
old man's weakness, a folly. Shall I not live
near you? shall we not see each other every day?
It is only necessary to form new habits; I shall
do it."

William did not reply. At last, casting a
stealthy glance at the Major—
"There is a way of preventing this isolation
you fear," he said, hesitating.

"What is it?"

"A person who has been dear to you lives in
Egra—"

"Enough, enough, William!" interrupted the
Major, hastily; "Dorothea must have told you
what I replied to her in this respect. It is
unnecessary to disturb the ashes of buried affec-
tions. Never speak to me again on this subject,
William; I beg you as a friend, and as a father
I command it."

William bowed sadly, and Loffen went out.
The person who lived in Egra, and to whom
William had alluded, was no other than the
mother of Dorothea. Married very young to the
Major, whom she loved, she had at first felt
great happiness in this union, but gradually
Loffen's temper had changed this happiness.

Charlotte, proud and susceptible, could not bear
his fits of passion. Far from soothing her hus-
band, she had irritated him by resistance, re-
proaches and discontent; the alienation daily in-
creasing until coldness took the place of affection.
Then each of them kept silence, pressing back
his suffering into his own heart. At last the ex-
cess of grief brought on a violent rupture.
Charlotte went to Egra where her parents lived,
and Loffen came to dwell in Hoff with his daugh-
ter.

But separation did not seem to soften his irri-
tation. Either the remembrance of Charlotte
recalled the wrongs for which he blushed, or he
preserved his resentment against her, and he
shunned everything which could recall the re-
membrance of Dorothea's mother. Her portrait
had been covered with a cloth, and banished to a
dark closet; her piano, carefully closed, was
half concealed in the corner of an uninhabited
room; he had even required that Dorothea should
study the harp, as if he feared a reminiscence
of the past. All his daughter's attempts to over-
come this aversion had been hitherto useless, but
hers was one of those hearts to which love gives
courage and which is never weary in trying to do
good.

The day fixed upon for the marriage at last
arrived. The nuptial benediction was to take
place at midnight in the Protestant chapel; but
the friends and neighbors of the Major had been
invited to assemble sooner for the wedding supper.
When they were all assembled, Loffen wished to
leave them to make sure that all the orders had
been given. Dorothea opposed it.

"A thousand pardons, my dear father," she
said, embracing him; "I forbid you to leave us."

"Why?" asked the Major, smiling.

"Because you have not to-day any right to
command here."

"How?"

"I am alone mistress."

"She is right!" exclaimed councillor Hotman,
smiling.

"But I do not understand."

"It is St. Sylvester's day."

"I had not forgotten it!" exclaimed Loffen.

"It is St. Sylvester's day," repeated all the
voices; "you are not master here, Major."

St. Sylvester's day, which is throughout all
Bavaria a period of rejoicing, is in truth cele-
brated at Hoff in a particular manner. By an
ancient custom, the order established in families
is reversed, and the authority exercised by parents
passes entirely into the hands of the children. It
is a sort of Christian transformation of those
saturals of Rome, in which the slaves recovered
their liberties for a few hours and were served
in turn by their masters.

The Major who had always scrupulously con-
formed to the old custom, replied smilingly to
his daughter, "That he left to her and William
the direction of everything."

"Then," said Dorothea, "it is understood that
you submit yourself to the laws of St. Sylves-
ter?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Loffen.

"And you promise on your honor to accept
during the whole day your children's masters?"

"I promise on my honor; but we will see how
you will use the power."

"Our friends shall be judges," said Dorothea,
turning towards the guests. "I shall have at
least a councillor."

"Who, then?"

"A lady whose acquaintance I made on my
last voyage at the house of the President."

"You have not spoken to me of her."

"No; but she arrived this morning at Hoff. I
met her by chance as I was returning from the
temple, and I invited her."

"Without informing me!" said the Major,
astonished.

"It is St. Sylvester, my father," objected
Dorothea.

Loffen could not restrain a gesture of disas-
tisfaction.

"And shall I know the name of the unknown
person?" he said.

"Here she is!" interrupted William.

Dorothea and he went out hastily to meet her.
The Major, who was seated near a window, rose
quietly, leaned over the balcony—and recognized
Charlotte.

It would be difficult to express what passed
in the mind of Loffen at this sight. It was at first
a mixture of surprise, of trouble and of anger;
but this last feeling gained the mastery. It was
evident that everything had been arranged to
bring round a reconciliation; and, to impose it
upon him, they had calculated upon his astonish-
ment, his embarrassment, perhaps his weakness.

This last idea revolted him. Age had not so-
called his soul that vexation might not be easily
turned into indignation. His first impulse was
to repulse the mother and daughter, and shut
himself up in his apartment; but the presence
of the guests restrained him.

He was standing in the same place considering
what he would do, when Charlotte appeared, led
by William and Dorothea. Her gaze met that
of the Major's on entering, and she retreated.

They found the hall still illuminated, the piano
open, the violin suspended from the desk, and

"I present to you M^{me} Nugel, my father,"
said Dorothea, without daring to raise her eyes.
Loffen started.

"Pardon me for having dared to come"—stam-
mered Charlotte—"I should have informed you."

"M^l Loffen does not require to be informed to
receive his guests well," observed William point-
edly.

"Besides it was I who wished it" replied
Dorothea, "and I had a right—"

Her father cast upon her a severe look.
The guests had approached; the Major realizing
that he must control his vexation, bowed slight-
ly.

"My daughter is right, Madam," he said,
stiffly; "she is sovereign mistress here to-day, and
it is she alone who receives you."

"Then to table!" said William.

Each guest took the arm of a lady, and the
Major, who alone remained with M^{me} Nugel, was
obliged to offer her arm.

But in passing by the music room to the din-
ing hall, he perceived every one stopping before
a great picture recently hung upon the wall; it
was the portrait banished until now, and which
represented Charlotte in all the brilliancy of
youth.

"Who has placed this picture here?" exclaim-
ed the Major with flashing eyes.

"I," replied Dorothea mildly.

"And who permitted you?"

"No one, my father. But it is St. Sylvester's."
"It is true," exclaimed all the guests, smiling.
Loffen bit his lips.

"Do not fear, sir," said M^{me} Nugel in a low
voice; "this portrait represents me young and
beautiful, happy—you see that no one recognized
me."

The Major did not reply. They passed into
the dining room, and every one seated themselves
at the table.

Loffen was seated near M^{me} Nugel, to whom
Dorothea had yielded her place and who was to
do the honors of the dinner. The Major had de-
cided to avoid scandal, but not to conceal his dis-
satisfaction; he showed it the more openly, as he
felt at the bottom of his heart less irritated than
he would have wished. He kept repeating to
himself that he was the plaything of a plot ar-
ranged between Charlotte and his daughter, to in-
crease his honor to render it useless, and to en-
deavor to keep up his indignation; nevertheless,
an unexpected softness increased upon him: it was
the first time he had been so patient and so gen-
tle.

He decided at last to keep silent silence which
might express his displeasure. M^{me} Nugel did
not attempt to interrupt it, but the Major could
not escape her mute attentions. Whatever he
did, all his wants were anticipated, all his de-
sires satisfied; the meats and the wines which he
preferred were offered to him, for Charlotte had
forgotten none of his tastes. For the first time,
for fifteen years, he received that experi-
enced watchfulness of the wife who has shared
our life, and which even the most tender daugh-
ter cannot replace.

The repeat, finished all the company went into
the music room. Loffen perceived that the piano
had descended as well as the portrait; it had been
opened, and at its side had been arranged the
Major's desk. Dorothea brought his violin to
him, reminding him that he had promised to let
it be heard. Loffen glanced towards M^{me} Nugel
who had approached the piano, and wished to
refuse; but councillor Hotman summoned him
to obey, exclaiming that it was St. Sylvester's;
he must then yield.

The piece chosen by Dorothea was one of the
duos which her father had played formerly with
Charlotte. The latter remembered the variation
and expression which the Major gave to his piece
therefore it was played with peculiar beauty.

Those who knew the talent of Loffen had never
observed in him such precision, such charm, and
such power. One might have said that the two
instruments understood one another. When they
were silent, all the listeners applauded, and coun-
cillor Hotman ran to the performers.

"You must be a single soul in two bodies," he
said, "to have this harmony in the expression of
the same sentiment!"

Loffen and M^{me} Nugel bowed with embarras-
ment.

"Ah! you are made to understand others,"
added the enthusiastic lover of music, pressing
their hands. "Music is like an emanation of
hearts; and to play so harmoniously is almost to
love one another!"

M^{me} Nugel smiled and blushed, and wished
to leave the piano; but Dorothea begging her to
sing one of the German airs which she performed
so well, after a little resistance, she seated her-
self, and began the old ballad of *La Rose Blanche*.

As M^{me} Nugel sang, all the resentment of
the Major seemed to vanish, and an indescribable
emotion seized him. This song he had heard the
first time he saw Charlotte; and afterwards, in
the days of their union, she had repeated it a
thousand times. The voice of M^{me} Nugel acted
upon him like a fairy and rebuilt all the broken
edifice of his happiness. While listening to
her, he thought he saw that little house sur-
rounded with vines, which he had inhabited to-
gether at Prague, that garden with its arbor of olea-
nds and its border of violets. He imagined him-
self young, confiding, joyous. It was like an appeal
from all which had been tender and happy in his
past life.

M^{me} Nugel had quitted the piano, and had
been sometime in the same spot with her arms
crossed and her head cast down. She was inter-
rupted in her reverie by the voice of William,
who told her midnight had just struck, he took
M^{me} Nugel's arm without remark, and turned
towards the temple with all the guests.

There is, in the solemn act which binds fore-
fathers to their children, something which desines them
to live for one another, a religious character
which touches all hearts; but especially to a pa-
rent the nuptial benediction has something in it
grave and touching. It is an adication of all
his rights over the child he has brought up, and
whose happiness he hereafter confides to another.

The emotions which the Major had just expe-
rienced had particularly disposed him to tenderness;
and he could not restrain his tears when he
heard the minister pronounce the consecrated
formula which gave his daughter to William.

By an involuntary movement, his looks sought
M^{me} Nugel; she had concealed her head behind
her hands and was sobbing.

This sympathy of emotion entirely dispelled
all the resentment there was felt in the soul of
the Major.

After all, he thought, it is her mother!—and
she was there, as a stranger, under a false name!
Her mother; and her presence was not even pure
and complete joy to Dorothea; for she remem-
bered that the most sacred ties might be broken;
that all the happiness dreamed by her and by
William might end in violation and hatred! The
Major felt his heart oppressed as with remorse,
and when his daughter rose, holding William's
hand, he cast down his eyes to shun her look.

They went out from the temple; the guests took
leave, after having embraced the betrothed.

Dorothea had placed her arm in her father's;
William took that of M^{me} Nugel, and they all
returned to the Major's.

They found the hall still illuminated, the piano
open, the violin suspended from the desk, and

the portrait which seemed to smile at these festi-
val signs.

M^{me} Nugel then advanced towards the Major;
she was pale, and her voice trembled.

"This is the hour for us to separate," she said:
"farewell, and thanks, sir, for having permitted
me to cross your threshold. Do not think, es-
pecially, that I have wished to afflict you with
my presence. If I have come, it is because I
could not resist the entreaties of this child. I
have wished that she should not stand at the al-
tar an orphan, and that in the most solemn
moment of her life she might find both of us
near her to bless her. Pardon me, then, for hav-
ing presented myself without your permission,
and for having profited by the authority granted
this child for a day. St. Sylvester's Day is en-
ded, sir; you are master, again, and can return
to the solitude which pleases you."

At these words she turned towards Dorothea
and William and pressing them to her heart:

"Farewell," she said, "you who love me still
and whom I shall see no more. I carry with me
the remembrance of this day as a consolation for
my future life—but you must endeavor to forget
it. Close this piano which has not been opened
for so long a time, cover this portrait and all the
past with it; for St. Sylvester's day is finished."

At these words she tore herself from the arms
of her children and advanced tremblingly towards
the door; but the Major who had just closed it,
remained standing upon the threshold, pale
and trembling. Their eyes met, and a lifetime
of anger and sorrow was pardoned in that look.

"Charlotte," murmured Loffen, opening his
arms.

"Lucien," replied M^{me} Nugel.

At last, after a long embrace, the Major sud-
denly disengaged himself, and placing both his
hands upon the foreheads of his children, who
had fallen on their knees near him.

"Blessed be the children," he said gratefully,
"for they have been wiser than their parents!
Remain here as mistress, Dorothea; you have
restored us to happiness, and I wish that hence-
forth it may be always St. Sylvester's Day."

RESENTMENT OF THE HORSE.

The following curious extract is from George
Borrow's new novel of "Lavengro." Mr. Bor-
row, it will be recollected, is the author of the
"History of the Gypsies," with which singular
people he has journeyed several years. His writings
seem to partake of the wildness of his subject:

It came to pass, as I was standing in the
door of the barrack stable, one of the grooms
came out to me, saying, "I say, young gentle-
man, I wish you would give the cob a breathing
time this morning."

"Why do you wish me to mount him?" said
I; "you know he is dangerous. I saw him fling
you off his back, only a few days ago."

"Why, that's the very thing, master. I'd
rather see anybody on his back than myself; he
does not like me; but, to them he does, he can
be as gentle as a lamb."

"But suppose," said I, "that he should not
like me?"

"We shall soon see that, master," said the
groom; "and if so he shows temper, I'll be the
first to tell you to get down. But there's no
fear of that; you have never angered or insulted
him, and to such as you, I say again, he'll be as
gentle as a lamb."

"And how came you to insult him," said I,
"knowing his temper as you do?"

"Merely through forgetfulness, master. I was
riding him about a month ago, and, having a
stick in my hand, I struck him, thinking I was
on another horse, or rather thinking of nothing
at all. He has never forgiven me, though before
that time he was the only friend I had in the
world; I should like to see you on him, master."

"I should soon be off him," I can ride."

"Then you are all right, master; there's no
fear. Trust him for hurting a young gentleman
an officer's son, who can't ride. If you were a
blackguard dragoon, indeed, with long spurs,
'twere another thing; as it is, he'll treat you as
he would the elder brother that loves you. Ride!
he'll soon teach you to ride, if you leave the mat-
ter with him. He's the best riding master in all
Ireland, and the gentlest."

The cob was led forth. "There," said the
groom, as he looked at him, half admiringly,
half sorrowfully, "with sixteen stone on his back
he'll trot fourteen miles in one hour; with your
nine stone, some two and a half more; ay, and
clear six foot wall at the end of it."

"I'm half afraid," said I; "I had rather you
would ride him."

"I'd rather so, too, if he would let me; but
he remembers the blow. Now, don't be afraid;
young master; he's longing to go out himself.
He's been tramping with his feet these three
days and I know what that means; he'll let any-
body ride him but myself, and thank them, and
to me he says, 'No! you struck me.'"

"But," said I, "where's the saddle?"

"Never mind the saddle; if you are ever to be
a frank rider, you must begin without a saddle;
besides, if he felt a saddle, he would think you
don't trust him, and leave you to yourself."

Off went the cob at a slow and gentle trot, too
fast and rough, however, for so inexperienced
rider. I soon felt myself sliding off; the animal
perceived it too, and instantly stood still until
I had righted myself; and now the groom came
up to me. "When you feel yourself going," said
he, "don't lay hold of the mane, that's no use;
man never yet saved man from falling, no more
man from drowning; it's his sides you must
cling to with your calves and feet, till you
learn to balance yourself. That's it, now, abroad
with you; I'll bet my comrade a pot of beer that
you'll be a regular rough-rider by the time you
come back."

And so it proved. I followed the directions of
the groom, and the cob gave me every assistance.
How easy is riding, after the first timidity is
over, to supply and youthful limbs; and there is
no second fear. In less than two hours I had
made the circuit of the Devil's Mountain, and
was returning along the road, bathed in perspira-
tion and screaming with delight; the cob laugh-
ing in his equine way, scattering foam and peb-
bles to the left and right, and trotting at the rate
of sixteen miles an hour.

Oh, that ride! that first ride!—most truly it
was an epoch in my existence; and I still look
back at it with feelings of longing and regret.

My whole frame was shaken, it is true; and dur-
ing one week I could hardly move foot or
hand; but what of that? By that one trial I
had become free, as I may say, of the whole
equine species. No more fatigue, no more stiff-
ness of the joints, after that first ride round the Devil's
Hill on the cob! It was thus that the passion
of the equine race was first awakened within me—
a passion which, up to the present time, has
been rather on the increase than diminishing.

On many occasions of my life I have been much
indebted to the horse, and have found in him a
friend and adjutor, when human help and sym-
pathy were not to be obtained. It is, therefore,
natural enough that I should love the horse; but
the love which I entertain for him has always
been blended with respect; for I soon perceived
that, though disposed to be the friend and
helper of man, he is by no means inclined to be
his slave; in which respect he differs from the
dog, who will crouch when beaten; whereas, the
horse spurns, for he is aware of his own worth,
and that he carries death within the horn of his
heel.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

"But why don't you get married?" said a boun-
cing girl, with laughing eye, to a smooth faced,
innocent youth, who blushed up to the eyes at
the question.

"Well," said the youth, stopping short with
a gasp, and fixing his eyes upon vacancy with a
puzzled and foolish expression.

"Well, go on; you what?" said the fair coun-
tess, almost imperceptibly inclining near-
er to the young man. "Now just tell me right
straight out, you what?"

"Why, I—O, pshaw, I don't know!"

"You do, I say you do now, come I want to
know."